

THE  
F O L L I E S  
O F  
S T. J A M E S ' S S T R E E T.

" Greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,  
Must fall out with men too ; what the declin'd is,  
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,  
As feel in his own fall ; for men, like butterflies,  
Shew not their mealy wings, but to the summer."

SHAKESPEARE.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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VOL. I.

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L O N D O N :  
PRINTED FOR WILLIAM LANE,  
LEADENHALL-STREET.

M.DCC.LXXXIX.

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J O N D O H

THE END OF THE LINE





THE FOLLOWING SHEETS  
ARE HUMBL Y DEDICATED,  
WITHOUT PERMISSION,  
TO HER GRACE  
THE DUCHESS DOWAGER OF  
A N C A S T E R.

M A D A M,

A Stranger to your person takes the liberty of intruding on your Grace, not to entreat your patronage (for that the Author, wishing to be concealed, does not presume to ask) but to inform the world, though a trifling individual, that she highly venerates your virtues, and has learnt to respect the tenderness of the Duchess of ANCASTER, whose liberal mind, and kind humanity, softened the pangs of the last hours of

an amiable young man, in a foreign country, without friends, and a perfect stranger to your Grace.

Perhaps, Madam, an event long since past may not recur to your memory, but I give myself a pleasure in bestowing, however beneath your notice, the tribute of applause; and I very sincerely hope your own feelings will never suffer any pains but those which are inseparable from a humane heart.

I am, with respect,

your GRACE's humble servant,

The AUTHOR.

TO THE  
P U B L I C.

THE Author of the following sheets is well aware, that the Critics will condemn her work, and the Reviewers murder it without mercy; but as her motive for publishing she can justify to herself, she is much above the opinion of the uncandid and prejudiced reader. The feeling heart may find an hour's amusement, and the reflecting mind will revolve the uncertainty of all sublunary joys. The Author is not presumptuous enough to attempt advice, or pretend to give her work of fancy to the world, with the romantic hope of benefiting it. As there is,  
how-



TO THE PUBLIC.

however, but too much reality in the piece, and the principal character is well known, she is aware that curiosity will be excited ; and, perhaps, a wish to know something of the Author : let it suffice, that she is neither young nor prosperous ; that she has seen and knows the world, its follies, and its joys, but is now far removed from observation.

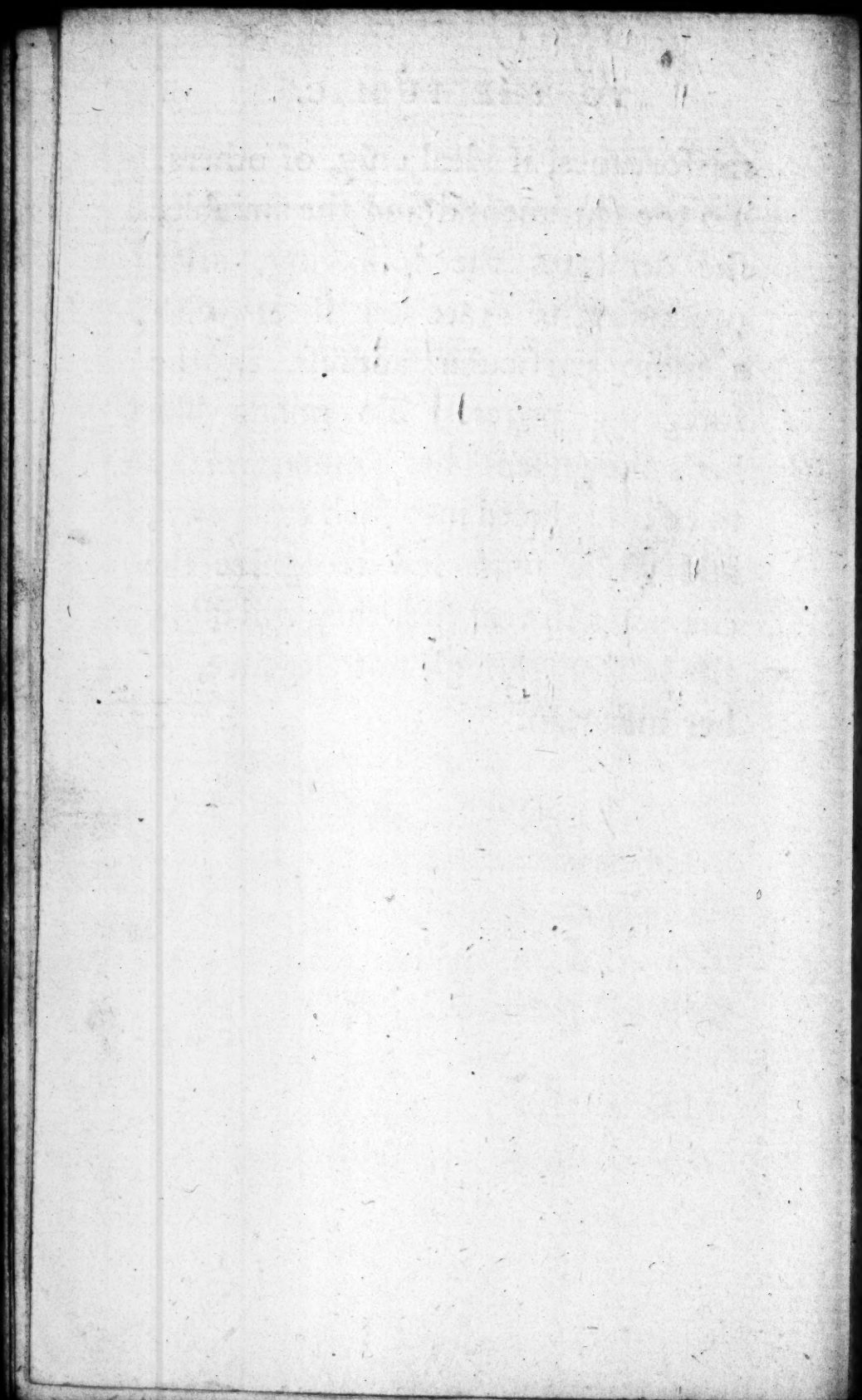
As no private feelings will be hurt, few bad characters are introduced. A want of low ones to keep up the spirit of the piece, may be objected ; and, perhaps, a want of incident : but to these common observations, she answers : It is to the select few only she writes ; not the profest novel readers who love the marvellous, but who feel for the

6 misfor-



misfortunes, if ideal only, of others. To the sentimental and the amiable, she dedicates the following, after presuming to grace her sheets with a more particular address, in the foregoing pages. To minds like her's, she presents her Emma, worthy to be introduced into such company; and while some few recognize the character in real life, they will allow the justice, though not elegance, of her historian.

C O N-



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# C O N T E N T S

OF THE

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FOLLIES



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F O L L I E S  
O F  
S T. J A M E S ' S S T R E E T.

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C H A P T E R I.

T H E T R I U M P H O F T E M P E R.

- " Sophrosyne, thou guard unseen,  
" Whose delicate controul  
" Can turn the discord of chagrin  
" To harmony of soul!
- " Above the lyre, the lute above,  
" Be thine the melting tone,  
" Which makes the blifs of all we love,  
" The basis of our own."

T H U S sung the gentle Emma, to  
the wild notes her fancy had formed to  
the words of the elegant Hayley. Like

Serena, she had met with a severe disappointment to a young mind; and, with a temper no less tranquil than the Poet's heroine, she charmed away her care. It was a journey to London.—Born and educated fifty miles from Aberdeen—how had her young heart panted to visit the metropolis! She was past nineteen, and this wish was to be accomplished.

She was to be introduced at court; and she looked forward to it with pleasure—unconscious she should be the divinity of the drawing room. The scene would be new, and it must be charming!

The very week for the journey was arrived:—all high expectation. She thought of no misfortune that might arise; no cruel accident to blast her budding hopes. The set of horses almost unused for nineteen years, were pre-





preparing. The old coach was put in order. But, alas, two of the horses fell lame, and the journey was deferred! This sad news was announced at dinner, by the old groom, with a look of compassion to his young lady. The colour faded on her cheek, when Sir William declared he would not go without them, though the groom hinted at post horses. It may be a month, Sir, before they are well: it may be two, and we are near the end of April. Then next spring will do as well, replied the Baronet. Emma's frame of mind was deranged:—she knew it was vain to entreat:—she knew she had but to reconcile herself to her fate.

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C H A P. II.

## AN INSENSIBLE PARENT.

SIR William Campbell, on his marriage to a young and beautiful woman, had retired to his seat in Scotland, where, in less than a twelvemonth, the same day that gave him a daughter, deprived him of an amiable wife. Miss Neville was of a good family; had been well educated, and united to a very charming person, every grace and accomplishment her sex could boast. Sir William was not the man of her choice: but her parents expected implicit obedience; and her timid nature knew not how to resist their entreaties. She complied, therefore, and lived a few months with this unfeeling man. He had warm passions:—  
success

success had crowned his ambition:—he knew not disappointment till this event; and, like the stubborn oak, he could not bend to the storm:—he had earnestly wished for an heir, and had married the beautiful Louisa, more from vanity of this hope, than passion. Her death, therefore, gave him only one concern; and the natural gloom of his temper soon banished any future hope. To a selfish heart was united an utter insensibility of all around him: and his poor infant might have remained untutored, and unnoticed, (but by the small circle of her benevolence) for ever, had not the amiable and engaging qualities of her mother, induced a worthy couple to fix their summer residence at W——.

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C H A P. III.

## A SINCERE FRIEND.

LADY Watson, from her youth, had been the constant friend of Lady Campbell: they had passed their juvenile days pleasantly together; both amiable; happy in their tempers; excelling all their sex; prosperous in their fortunes; and tenderly beloved by each other.

Maria married Lord Watson the year before her friend was united to Sir William, and still they enjoyed each other's society, for Lord Watson's noble nature encouraged and approved the friendship of the amiable pair: but such a separation as this marriage promised, could



could not be thought of on either side, with any satisfaction; and my Lord affectionately purchased an estate within a few miles of the castle. One summer had passed very pleasantly: and when the winter came, though they parted painfully, it was with the sweet hope of meeting again. Alas! that hope was never to be realized. Lady Watson returned, but her Louisa had breathed her last; yet a tender attachment remained: the young Emma claimed her love; and much did she wish to be a parent to a child she felt she loved not less tenderly than her own. Sir William's character had never pleased her. She regarded him only as the husband of her friend. Her unkind husband she had but too much reason to fear he had been. His unnatural conduct to Emma awoke her detestation; it awoke her pity: and every fine feeling of her soul was engaged for this dear child.

Though Sir William valued not her society, he never suffered her to be long absent from the castle; and occasional visits and letters were all in the power of friendship. At seven years of age he was persuaded to allow her a governess; and what masters could be procured by Lady Watson attended her. An amiable Clergyman was the only visitor almost of the family; and the kind literary instructor of our heroine. Early in life was she well read in most of the Ancient and Modern authors of our own language; the French and the Italian also. Nature had been bountiful in a fine genius, a lively imagination, and a retentive memory. Her heart was gentle and excellent. Of her person, I shall only say, in the words of an elegant author—"It was all that the heart wishes, or the eye looks for, in woman." She was, however, beautiful, delicate, and interesting. Particulars I may, one time or other, give.

CHAP.

## C H A P. IV.

## A LETTER —,

THE journey to London was postponed. She had sang "Sophrosyne, thou guard," &c. &c. It would not do. Still she was discomposed. One sovereign remedy remained: it was, to write to Lady Watson.

TO LADY WATSON.

"AH, my dear Lady Watson, the high hopes I had formed are faded from my sight, and your Emma is not allowed to fly to your maternal bosom. Disappointment is not new to me; and yet I bear it very ill. It adds not a little to my vexation, that I cannot govern my feelings. This remedy will, surely, in a  
9 few

few minutes, compose me. What a luxury, what a blessing, to be permitted to tell my every care, to my best, my dearest, and only friend! When I think of you, Lady Watson, and what you are to me, I cannot help thinking the dead are witness of our actions, for then my mother must, indeed, be blest. Often has Wilton told me, that in the last sad agony, she clasped me to her breast, and only prayed that you might be my friend; that you would be a parent to me. Well did this dear unhappy mother know, that when I lost her, I had no parent left. But I will not complain. From two of the horses being lame, our journey is deferred; and you, alas, to add to my vexation, will not visit W—— this summer! But I am permitted to write to you, and I cannot be sufficiently thankful for such a favor. My good Mentor enquires tenderly after you. When he  
makes



makes me happy in his company, justly he tells me, I have the benefit of a bright example in you, that I should attempt to imitate. You know he is your warm admirer. Good as is his advice, I want not such an inducement, my more than parent. It is not in nature that I can sufficiently love you. Pardon my trifling, and let me be ever your

EMMA."

Such was the artless effusions of a gentle and feeling heart. The little cloud was blown off. She was all herself again, and joined Sir William, at supper, with her usual ease and gaiety. The next morning her Mentor, as usual, came to pass the morning with her. It was past in improvements, for Emma could never think herself sufficiently accomplished. He instructed her not only scientifically, but while he enlarged her mind he mended her heart. She repaid

repaid his attention with some favorite air or lesson, for he loved music passionately : and our Heroine excelled on the harpsichord. She likewise touched the harp sweetly ; and her voice was beyond all the Madame *Mara's* of the age, for she sang from the heart, and felt the full force of her plaintive airs. She loved the pathetic in music, though naturally chearful ; and with infinite spirit, when Mentor was gay, she would join his notes and sing the sweet canzonette of

Time has not thinn'd my flowing hair,  
Nor bent me with his iron hand, &c. &c.

But I must introduce Mentor more to the notice of my reader, and he well merits a chapter to himself.

CHAP.

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C H A P. V.

## A WORTHY CLERGYMAN.

**M**ENTOR, or to give him his real name, Mr. Herbert, was almost sixty. The remains of a very fine person, joined to a countenance the most benignant possible, still made him pleasing. He was a man of fine genius. From meeting early in life, with a disappointment in the tenderest of all passions, he had here retired, in his fortieth year, on a small living; and by a constant exertion of his abilities, and a strict attention to his function, acquired that true content, and constant happiness, that can arise only from the best of hearts. He had an easy independant private fortune; and, therefore, was enabled, and enjoyed,  
to

to make his whole village, and even distant villages, happy. He was a man of humanity; universally respected and beloved. He was as the guardian-angel of his pupil; and early formed her heart to sustain and shine in those severe trials for which she was designed. Though his own nature was gentle, he planted fortitude in her breast. Tempered with every female, every amiable sentiment, he had a soil, indeed, to cultivate, that had nought but sweets: yet in the finest a weed may arise, without a friendly hand to pluck it from the ground. Lady Campbell was but little known, though much loved by this excellent man. In the few months she had spent in Scotland, she had cultivated his acquaintance as much as possible. To know her, was to love her; and he soon felt a very sincere friendship. He was, therefore, the more tenderly attached to Emma.

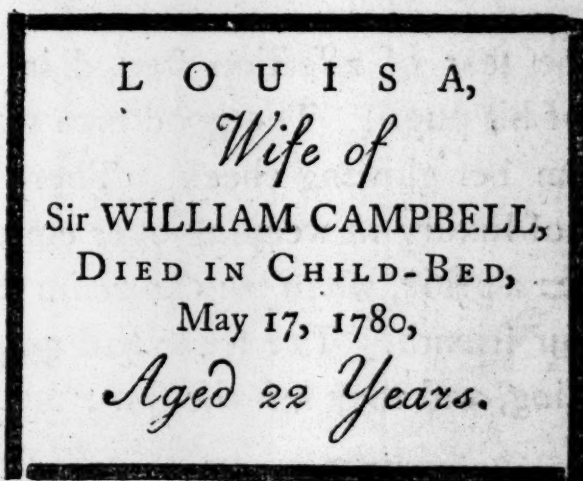
CHAP.



## C H A P. VI.

## THE GRAVE STONE.

HE would lead her to the tomb of her mother: he would teach her to emulate her virtues. The village church was situated delightfully on the declivity of a noble hill. The church-yard was even romantic. A small inscription only told of the death of this excellent woman.



And why, said Emma, does it not tell of her many virtues? Monumental, praises,

praises, replied Mentor, are beneath what is due to her memory. Those that knew her, will speak her best eulogium to their hearts: those that were not so happy, would not credit the poor justice to her fame. It remains for you, Emma, to do the most honor to her memory. Supply to the world, what they lost in your parent: and when a grave-stone is wanted for yourself, deserve to have it thus simple and undorned; unable to express your virtues.

The tear of affection started in the eye of his pupil. The good man wiped it from her glowing cheek. There is a kind of luxury in weeping over eminent virtue: a pride, when we can claim them for our friends. The scene had got too affecting, and they left the spot.

CHAP.

## C H A P. VII.

## C H A R I T Y.

AS they passed a small cottage, a little boy flew to Emma: he was beautiful, and gratitude shone in his countenance. Mama, he said, was quite well again; and his sister, as nicely dressed as a lady, really looked very pretty. On enquiring, this woman had been lately brought to bed, and our heroine had provided every necessary. The needle-work all her own. In the rest, assisted by Wilton. She had been Lady Campbell's own woman, and was continued in that capacity to Emma. A woman without education, but of the noblest feelings. She was truly charitable, and rejoiced to encourage so amiable a virtue in her

young mistress. Sir William thought of no one beyond himself, and knew so little of his daughter, or her employments, that she could easily avoid his notice. He sometimes, indeed, wondered what she did with the large sums of money she requested of him, but never gave himself the trouble to enquire. If she occasionally read to him, and played when he was in the humour for harmony (a case not very common) Sir William was satisfied. She had many hours, therefore, her own, hours that did honour to her heart.

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## C H A P. VIII.

### THE ARRIVAL OF A STRANGER.

A MONTH past, and the journey was almost forgot. Lady Watson answered her letter—"Be amiable, be happy,  
Emma,



Emma, I will see you this summer."— But the when, and how, was uncertain. She was sitting in a little rustic seat, in that part of the park that led to the house. A carriage appeared: it must be Lord Watson's! She flew to the road side; anxiously looked forward. A Gentleman only in the chaise. She knew him not, and withdrew her eager eye. His eyes were fixt on her while he proceeded to the house. Company was a novelty, and a stranger surprized her. Wilton, however, who came to seek her, explained it.

The Duke of L——, in his youth, had been the friend of Sir William, at least, as much of a friend as the Baronet had ever met with, for there was a something in him very repulsive to the kinder feelings; not the effect of age, for it had "grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength," but the result of a cold unfeeling heart. The

Duke of L—— presuming on this friendship, as it was unjustly termed, had sent his son, Lord Ormond, who was canvassing for the county, to entreat the interest of Sir William. He well knew his pride, of which he had an abundant share, would make him a powerful friend; and that his approbation would carry a large number of votes. Sir William received my Lord with all possible politeness: he enquired after Miss Campbell, for fame had said much of her; and he was impatient to behold the fair recluse. She entered, and presided at the tea-table. Every one will conclude the consequences. A young and beautiful woman; artless, yet intelligent; elegant, yet unadorned by fashion's studied hand, must be captivating; and a different election soon employed the heart of Lord Ormond. He was almost thirty; a fine manly person; an intelligent countenance, and an easy graceful address.

address. Sir William happened to be in a humour to be pleased; and he was requested to repeat his visits while in those parts.

My reader will now expect that our Heroine will be led to some favorite spot, and that her young heart will, for the first time, pant with love. But she beheld, and was insensible: she did him justice; but she was not formed to be the victim of a hasty passion. It was esteem, admiration of character, real merit, that must win her affections. Lord Ormond had every virtue, every accomplishment; but her cold heart thought not of love. He repeated his visits, and in proper time made his proposals. Sir William was delighted: his ambition wished to see his daughter a Duchess: as for happiness, it was all ideal. She would have rank—fortune: what could her sex wish for more?—

and she was abruptly told, the next morning, that she must receive Lord Ormond as her future husband. Alas, she could not love! and matrimony, without a preference, at least, was a horrid thought!

“I will write to Lady Watson,” said Emma; the tears glittering in her fine eyes, after a long lecture, on obedience, from her father, which had lasted till almost one in the morning:—she flew to her dressing room.

TO LADY WATSON.

“WILL not my more than mother condole with her poor child, when I tell her, the circumstance I so much apprehended, is too early realized? Lord Ormond has made his proposals, and they are warmly seconded by my father. Alas! why am I insensible to the merit of this amiable man? for amiable, indeed, he is! But is the heart, my good friend,



friend, always to be reasoned into what is right? You, that so well know that heart, are not to be informed, it is perfectly disengaged. I try, therefore, as duty directs, to lead it to what is right: tell me, should I not? for ah, my dear Lady Watson, again I feel how much I want that softened, that tender parent, a mother. When you constantly visited this place, every summer, I had but temporary cares. Winter, indeed, was doubly melancholy; but then, what superior joys had I to expect, when summer came! The rose blowed fresh and sweet to me, for it foretold the approaching presence of that bright Being, on whom my existence leans; yet for a few, a very few happy days, I may expect you; and I am all hope and impatience.

“ Lord Ormond leaves us in a few days. My Mentor is much pleased with him. Why is he so captivated? Every

one agrees in tormenting me, for every mouth is full of his praises; and yet I see no such uncommon merit. He has, indeed, a happy art of obliging; a kind of courtesy of behaviour, acquired, perhaps, by the polish of courts, and the world of fashion he has lived in. But what is all that in so serious a connexion? I intrude too long on your kindness. Assure Lord Watson of my highest respect; the Mr. Watson's, of my best wishes; and yourself, that I am wholly your

EMMA."

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## CHAP. IX.

### GENEROUS LOVE.

LORD Ormond left the castle, under the influence of the blind deity, with little hope. He perceived Emma was indifferent

indifferent to him; and his generous nature could not think of compulsion. A truly noble mind is not satisfied with possession only. It is the heart that beats in unison to its own: it is the delicate affections, esteem, with merit for its basis.

A few days past, and Lord Ormond ventured to address the divinity of the castle.

## TO MISS CAMPBELL.

“ A MIND generous and noble, as the accomplished Emma's, will forgive the intrusion of an unhappy man, whose greatest misfortune it has been, to awake a sigh in the bosom of the first of her sex:—yet believe me, most amiable of women, I now, for the last time, claim your attention. To obey your wishes, in forgetting you, is impossible. Indeed,

deed, you little know your power when you request it. But never will I efface from my memory, the entreaty that beamed in your eye; the tremble that hung on your lip, when you bade me adieu; when you wished me a happier fate: but prayed me, if I valued your peace, to visit C—— no more. That I value it, far above my own, this sacrifice will witness!—I looked at you then, for the last time. The heart only that loves, can think what that look was!—You have a mind too noble for caprice; you have none of the little vanities of your sex; you want not pursuit; neither have you any pride in conquest. Why then should I continue to torment you; why should I wish to make you wretched; because I must be so myself? No: I will resign the bright hopes given me by Sir William; I will not indulge a hope.

“ One only pleasure remains to me;  
it will be to see you the happiest, as well  
as



as the best, of women. That you may be the adoration, the ornament, of the age you live in, and future ages learn to bless your memory; that misfortune may never assail you; that the rose may long bloom in your cheek, and health and pleasure sparkle in your eye; and who then shall say, I am not the happy

ORMOND?"

The letter trembled in the hand of Emma:—would I were not insensible! she sighed. Sir William was much displeased; even Mentor blamed her: but Lady Watson arrived, and all was rapture! A few days passed exquisitely pleasant, and when she thought of departing, Emma was sad. The journey to London was again proposed. She might go with Lady Watson; Sir William cared not for her. Daughters were only plagues: what would the sex have? Let her go  
and

and see how few Lord Ormond's would be her slaves. The leave given, however, ungraciously : she was content, and the morrow was fixt on for their departure.

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## C H A P. X.

## THE PARTING.

**M**ENTOR arrived to pay his adieus to his beloved pupil. The good old man was, at first, too much affected for speech. He took her hand, and gazed fondly at her. She reminded him of his promise to write. I will, my dear ; and you will write often to me. You will not, I am certain, forget me. Heaven preserve you. I shall live but in the future, till your return. He embraced her tenderly, and his eyes were fixed

fixed on the carriage till out of sight. Sir William was insensible, as usual. She loved him as a parent: a kind of natural instinct: a feeling of no refinement: but yet she moaned his want of affection. In a few miles, however, all but Mentor was forgot, to pass two months with dear Lady Watson; to see again her young friend Edwin, who she loved extremely. He was the only son of Lady Watson: an elder one there was by the first Lady; him she esteemed; but Edwin was a kind of brother.

The vacation at Oxford was not yet commenced; and Lord Watson, accompanied only by his eldest son, met them near town. Imagine what must a young person, born and bred fifty miles from Aberdeen, feel at her first entrance into the gay metropolis! It was agreed, to render it the more striking, she should enter town at about three at noon, when

all the world, at the beginning of a fine day in May, are driving the whole town over, to shew their elegant carriages and sweet selves,

The morning was fine, and at Westminster-bridge they entered. A gay row of carriages surprized our heroine. In Pall-Mall, in a superb phaëton, drove by in great haste, the most elegant of men—The prince of grace! Mr. Watson pointed him out: and when you go to the drawing-room, Miss Campbell, take care of your heart, said he, with a smile. They reached Portman-square. A splendid dinner, attendants, &c. was nothing new. Sir William lived in the most stately magnificence, and she had been accustomed to all the etiquette of life, in her visits at W—. The metropolis only was surprising! and she was too wise to betray any of that foolish wonder so diverting



verting from and to the ignorant. The evening was past *en famille*; and Emma, before she rested, wrote to her Mentor.

## TO MR. HERBERT.

“ I KNEW not what it was to part. Alas, my dear Mentor, I have felt it now! Why does a knowledge of the world deprive us of our happiness? That I esteemed you of all the world, next to Lady Watson, (and must I, who have a father, with justice say so) I well know: but I did not think you was so very dear to my heart; a heart not, I hope, ungrateful, but that feels deprived of your society. That it has lost the guide of all its actions, though personally only, I hope, lost, for you will still guide by your excellent pen. But why, best of men; why did you part so reluctantly with me? Never can I forget your last kind pressure of my hand! your last  
look!

look ! It has left a kind of uneasiness on my spirits ! A melancholy that hangs about me, which you alone can dissipate ! Need you fear any thing for me under the eye of Lady Watson ; and still, as much as ever, under your guidance ; for, believe me, London, and all its gaieties, cannot obliterate those excellent precepts I have learnt and wished to imbibe from you. Tell me then, that you are easy, that you will be happy without me, and restore that tranquility you ever wish to see in your

EMMA."

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## CHAP. XI.

### A TOWN LIFE.

THE next day was a new scene to our heroine. She was hurried all the morning

morning in the important search after fashions; and, before dinner, was obliged to devote two hours to the first friseur in town. They had a box for the play in the evening. It was one of the first pleasures she had promised herself: and the theatre exceeded all her ideas of perfection. The play was the Fatal Marriage. Emma, dissolved in tears, was never more charming. All eyes were fixed on her; every heart was captivated; she felt very forcibly all the power of the actress; fashion had nothing to do in it; indeed, fashion, this winter, began to be much less affected. Faintings, hysterics, &c. were quite out, and the town began to remark, the beauties of the play. A small party to supper finished the evening. She wore a pensive look; and the Gentlemen all declared, she already sighed for the handsome Charles Watson.

Preparations were made for her introduction at the drawing room. Lady Watson, though anxious for her appearance, was not so much the slave of ton as to give her young friend wholly up to it; and she advised her taking the advantage of all the masters, in the several arts, while she adorned her for the world.

She was a capital artist in crayons, and had finished some very masterly pieces very happily; in that enviable, that admirable art, of taking pleasing likenesses, she excelled; in music she was likewise a proficient. A very fine voice was soon instructed to be all the ear could wish.

Accustomed to make the most of time, she easily accomplished all she wished, though engaged in a constant round of company; and Mentor was never neglected. Constant in her correspondence, she again addressed him.



TO MR. HERBERT.

“OF London, and all its pomp of pleasures, I shall say little. It were uninteresting to you, my good friend, to tell you of all the places of public resort, that I frequent. My heart is not formed for such a life, and I am soon fatigued with the fashionable world. Lady Watson, kind and obliging as ever, will insist on my attending her. She asserts it is proper, in a certain line of life, to see, and know, the world. I am therefore to be presented, a ceremony I by no means like: but my friend flatteringly tells me, she shall be proud to present me at the drawing room. My amiable mother is not forgot there: she was the admiration of a court, that knew not her merit. I have frequently met with people that well remember her, and I think they seem to have an affection for

me in the recollection. I am certain I like them better, when they speak warmly in the praise of that loved but unknown parent.

“ I would say much of Lady Watson, and her amiable Lord, but you know how much they honour me. It is in vain to attempt to tell you, what I enjoy in their society! Mr. Watson is accomplished, handsome, and polite. Edwin is not in town, but I am impatient for his arrival, for you know I love him as a brother; and it is many years since we met.

“ The son of Lady Watson must be dear to me. She speaks warmly in his praise: nor is it to be wondered at; her only remaining hope of four children, must be valuable! “ My Edwin is left me, Emma (she said to me this morning, with a sweet smile) and I am blest in  
you,

you, equally dear as my own lost girls. You are the only remains of the woman I loved from my infancy; and till you yourself witness what it is to survive one's friends, yet have so dear, so precious a memento left, you can have no idea of the luxury of such grief! When I look at you, your mother lives again to my sight: the dear Louisa speaks in your tongue: the same sweet friend beams in your eye; it is more than youth restored. To love you, even to doat on you to extravagance, seems allowable: it is due to the memory of my friend: to enjoy your society, to be loved by you as a parent, is rapture!" What a heart has Lady Watson! what tenderness! how happy must such friends have been! how constant is this dear woman to the memory of my mother! Never can I be sufficiently grateful for such affection.

“Do not suppose my heart will get dissipated by the gay scenes I am engaged in. Though Lady Watson conforms, in some degree, to the manners of the age, she will, by no means, corrupt a young heart. Her Lord loves the world; he must have society; it is therefore proper she should engage in it. But her just remarks on the vanity and folly of fashion, though free from all ill-natured and cruel aspersions, must ever prevent their wholly engrossing any mind that is under her observing, yet indulgent, eye. I hope, therefore, I shall return to you, not less deserving your kind affection, but as much as ever,

“Your obliged and grateful

“EMMA CAMPBELL.”

CHAP.



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C H A P. XII.

## MODERN TIMES.

ALL the world began to talk of the Commemoration. Emma was delighted with the thoughts of it: till it arrived, however, she found real pleasure at the opera, and they were constantly there in defiance of cold, and thin houses. It was here she again beheld the generous Ormond! At first a little confusion embarrassed her native ease, but she soon paid her compliments with infinite grace, and bestowed on him the attention his noble conduct claimed. The parties were her aversion, for the men stared her out of countenance; and the women, in general, had too much envy to like her. She however courted their atten-

tion with so much success, that they all declared, the handsome Campbell was a very civil girl: and the men, while they swore she was beautiful, thought not a little of the charms of five thousand a year; and all the pretty fellows of the ton were soon in her train. Every one was apprehensive, that the Watsons would carry the prize! Charles, indeed, was an insensible fellow to all, but the sweet rattle of the dice. But Edwin, oh! he had no spirit; and fortune would have no charms for him. Beauty, indeed, and beauty so powerful, was an alarming circumstance; but he was at Oxford, and they hoped would soon travel.

CHAP.

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C H A P. XIII.

MEMOIRS OF A WORTHY CLERGYMAN.

LADY Watson had a large party; and Emma was yawning with *ennui*, when a servant gave her a letter from Scotland. She left the company, certain of more amusement, and read the following from Mentor:

TO MISS CAMPBELL.

“YES, Emma, I was weak at parting; but let it not grieve thee, my sweet young friend, it was the weakness of an old enfeebled, yet an affectionate heart: take my case, and acquit, or condemn, as your judgment leads.

“ I am

“ I am turned of sixty : I have lost every attachment in life. The friend I most loved is numbered with the dead : the woman I adored is no more. For these last twenty years I have lived in a retired situation, without the only happiness in life,—without friends. Had I continued in the world, I might have formed new connections ; but I felt myself unfit for society and flew to retirement. The first year your mother graced the castle, I beheld, and admired, at a distance ! Her character enchanted me ; and there was in her countenance an expression that reminded me of my lost Maria ; for what, I know not, but she did me the honour of taking the most kind notice of me. In the ten months she lived here, I learnt to know and value her so much, that I found those wise attachments to your sex equally tender, though not so passionate as love : here could I dwell, Emma, with pleasure :



fure: but, alas, this happiness was soon  
 over! Never did I think to feel what I  
 suffered, when this admirable woman  
 breathed her last! But I pain her dear  
 image. Oh! thou mayest, indeed, weep for  
 such a parent. When Maria died, I  
 thought all my griefs were collected in  
 her, and that I should weep no more;  
 but friendship demands its tribute, and  
 this second loss was not less mourned  
 than the first! Maria died again in my  
 heart! A precious infant was left!  
 When first I beheld you, I was prepar-  
 ed to love. Sir William allowed my  
 affection: I was permitted the luxury of  
 attending your education! How you  
 have rewarded my love, I need not say.  
 You are the very woman I wished; the  
 very picture of Lady Campbell! and  
 now ask your heart what mine must feel,  
 to part with you! Not a day since your  
 birth has past, without my constantly  
 seeing you; for many years regularly  
 attend-

attending you ; passing whole days at the castle to enjoy the sight of you ; and forgetting every selfish care, in anxious wishes for your welfare. My retirement no longer was melancholy. The charge I had, recompensed every labour. To lose you then, the change, at first, must be affecting : but if you are happy I complain not, though my eyes may never see you more. I hope, and believe, you will form connections in life worthy of you. I never wished that you should live here always : yet it was, and is still, impossible not to regret the losing of you. I will, however, try to be happy without you, and guard your peace. My dear girl, I charge you, as you value my ease ; you are young, unexperienced - Lord Ormond cannot suppose you have a susceptible heart, but I know you have a feeling one : guard it, therefore, against all attacks of the most fatal passion, love ! Let me give you,  
from

from myself, a fatal warning! Maria and myself were as brother and sister. Her mother apprehended no danger till too late; and having first ruined her daughter's happiness, her health and life were the sacrifice. Alas! there was no alternative. Duty forbid her love, and she died a victim to the two noblest and most natural passions! Maria had every virtue under heaven! she had no female weakness! she was not the victim of a hasty passion! yet virtue, sense, and worth could not prevent her fate! Education, beneficial as it is, in vain promises success. The best minds, the best hearts, alas, are subject to misfortune! Be careful, then, my loved, adopted child: be careful of your peace. Let me again see thee smiling in innocence and content; and still that pure, spotless being, I am parted from! The best prayers of thy friend ever attend thee.

MENTOR."

CHAP.

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C H A P. XIV.

## THE PICTURE.

C H A R L E S W A T S O N received a letter from his brother, to request a particular description of our heroine. "I know, Charles," said he, "your talent at the descriptive, and trust for a true account from you." I remember her a beautiful girl, but they do not always make charming women. Tell me what you think. My mother says she is lovely, but our sex are the best judges in these cases.

T O E D W I N.

"THE divine Emma Campbell is at last arrived in the metropolis, and here  
she



she reigns the first beauty in the town;  
 the toast of every one. To her picture,  
 though drawn free from passion as any  
 cold painter, for I will, as you request,  
 be very particular. You know she is  
 almost twenty, and to my idea no woman  
 is perfectly handsome before that age.  
 I hate your girlish beauty, which only  
 promises but does not shine perfection.  
 I do not think she is very tall, though  
 something above the common height.  
 The women of this age are mostly so  
 diminutive, that she appears tall without  
 being so. Her figure is inimitable;  
 neither so small as to give a look of ill  
 health, nor yet so much *en bon point*, as  
 to give a fear of encrease. Her arms, I  
 think, are the finest formed I ever be-  
 held; with hands and fingers perfectly  
 beautiful. Her neck gracefully turned:  
 but why her face last mentioned, you  
 will say? Does her beauty here fail? No:  
 but my expression does, for to say her  
 1 eyes

eyes are fine, the rose and lily playing on her cheek, &c. &c. is too commonplace for an Emma! The colour of her eyes I have not dared examine, for there is such a brilliant piercing expression ever beaming in them, that it would be death to gaze! I think, however, from their softness, that they are not dark, and yet they are too fine to be light: they are sweetly shaded by very long eye-lashes: and her eye-brows are finely arched. Her nose is aquiline; her mouth and teeth charming. Of her complexion, I shall only say, it is of that transparent blooming kind, that generally accompanies a consumptive habit. Her hair, of which she appears to have a profusion, I think must be rather auburn; but there is no judging of this, you know; each Lady, I fancy, suits her powder to her complexion. Such is Emma Campbell, complete with every female accomplishment, and the heiress of five thousand

thousand a year. If I could think of matrimony, here would I fix and try my fortune, though Lord Ormond, the handsome, the engaging Ormond, who every woman about town sighs for in vain, has here met a refusal. But matrimony, and all its cares, I would not engage in, even with an angel. But you, Edwin, who are a sober fellow, and formed, as Lady Watson says, for domestic life, may here, perhaps, sigh, though not with much hope; for the younger brother of a Viscount's family will hardly suffice, when an Earl has been rejected. Haste to us, however, and see this divinity.

"Believe me ever your

"CHARLES WATSON."

## CHAP. XV.

## THE FATAL MEETING.

THE Vacation commenced, and Edwin arrived in London. It was evening; and when he entered the drawing-room, Lady Watson was sitting smiling on Emma, who was attempting her portrait. The fond mother flew to her beloved son! The pleasure of meeting gave a glow to his cheek, and a lustre to his fine eyes, that caught the attention of our heroine! She was no less captivating! She shared the felicity of her amiable friend, and her countenance spoke the refined feelings of her heart. An interesting conversation followed. The young friends had not seen each other for many years, and this meeting

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recalled



ST. JAMES'S STREET. 51

recalled many juvenile pleasures. Edwin had taught her to ride; Emma instructed him to sing. How much he esteemed her Mentor! how much he loved Scotland!

The evening was past delightfully, and days succeeded equally charming! Halcyon days, never to return, why fly so swift? Something like terror arose in her breast! Both brothers were altered; the one too assiduous, the other grown pensive; but no certainty had yet transpired, and all, she hoped, might be well.

## C H A P. XVI.

## A DECLARATION.

THE town was all festivity! Balls, parties, the opera, all public places had their turn. They lived in a continual round of dissipation. A splendid ball was given by Lord Watson, in honour of his fair guest: and Edwin and Emma was universally allowed to be the most beauteous and graceful couple present. A wish arose in Lady Watson's heart this evening, which the fondly jealous eye of Charles almost immediately suppressed. They were her two beloved children, and she gazed on them with rapture! but Edwin was too happy, and must resign his prize! A less animated lustre beamed in her eye, when engaged  
to

to Mr. Watson: it was remarked they were not so well paired. Lord Ormond graced the ball-room: he did not dance, but was ever in attendance on Emma: that kind of friendly attention so flattering, free from all selfish hopes; not troublesome, but engaging. She conversed with him without restraint; she admired his character, and wished she could love the man,

Mr. Watson ventured to make a half declaration, and the next morning my Lord made one in form. Sir William was immediately informed of this proposal: he did not love the Watson's, nor wish for an alliance with them; but his daughter had disappointed his first wish, and he was indifferent to her future welfare. She was intitled to thirty thousand pounds from her mother;—he would make it fifty, and that was all she must expect till his death.

Emma was disconcerted. She put the letter into the hand of Lady Watson; the tears stood in her eyes; she hastily flew to her apartment. This kind woman had been unwilling to begin the subject to her young friend, for, since Monday, she wore an air of uneasiness and constraint, very unnatural to her. Her open generous heart longed to unfold itself to its fond adopted parent;—but, alas, to refuse Charles, without an acknowledged preference in favor of another, was impossible! and Edwin, who would too often intrude on her thoughts, had never dared talk on a more tender passion than friendship, and even that friendship was now less tender than it was wont to be. His cheerfulness was flown; he was unwell, and hastily returned to Oxford.

A very civil and friendly refusal was delivered to Mr. Watson by his mother, and Edwin left town in better spirits, for  
in



in his parting interview he hinted at his future hopes in her refusal of his brother, though he felt a kind concern for his disappointment. She assured him of her friendship, but encouraged no presumptuous hopes. The town was, however, less pleasing after he left it, and she found less delight in all its dissipation.

~~are sometimes misled by error the fact~~

~~ed not the beauty of another, for un-~~

conscious of the light it but

a slight perfection. But a truth, she was

unwilling to bar own

heart, occasioned a relative not natural to

**I**N the round of company she was constantly engaged in, she long, in vain, sought some amiable female. To distinguish friendships, she well knew was not to be expected, who, in a polite circle knows the feeling, but the agreeable are sometimes to be met with. Lady Louisa Neville she frequently was in

company with, and Lady Watson was willing to promote an intimacy, for she did justice to the merit of this fine young woman. Her high birth was her least perfection, and she was every way deserving the confidence of our heroine. Perhaps some little jealousy had prevented an earlier friendship; but Lady Louisa had a noble mind, but the best are sometimes misled by error: she feared not the beauty of another, for, unconscious of her own, she thought it but a slight perfection. But a truth, she was unwilling to acknowledge to her own heart, occasioned a reserve not natural to a generous soul. The Marquis, her brother, was the particular friend of Lord Ormond: she had known him long; she was elegant and engaging, frequently in his company: the natural consequence ensued, which is always to be expected where two young people, both amiable and accomplished, are much together,

gether. Too delicate to acknowledge a preference, she sighed in secret, till fame informed her Miss Campbell was the happy fair one distinguished by his love. She heard, indeed, he was rejected, but she felt her cheeks glow when she first beheld the beauteous recluse! It was not envy of her charms, but much did she wish for her feelings. "Happy insensible! would I beheld with your eyes!" she exclaimed, as she got into her carriage from Lord Watson's ball, where she had drank poison from the fine eyes of Ormond! All little jealousy, however, was soon removed, and she felt a very sincere friendship for Emma. Her secret was still her own, and should ever remain so. She was pensive. Emma, naturally gay, diverted her gravity:—both well educated, well informed; of tempers amiable, and manners pleasing. They found true enjoyment in each other's society, enjoyment all the  
gay

gay circles could not give; and they rejoiced in the happy chance that gave them to each other.

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### CHAP. XVIII.

#### TENDER AFFECTION.

CHARLES WATSON was still importunate, and his mother pleaded his cause most powerfully.

The generous Ormond sighed in secret: he was permitted the pleasure of frequently attending our heroine; and Lord and Lady Watson ever cheerfully received, and greatly esteemed this amiable man. Mentor, who had been much charmed with him, honoured him with his correspondence; for rank, to a  
man



man of abilities, and at the time of life of Mentor, is no distinction. He esteemed this young Nobleman for his excellent heart, his polished mind, and his generous soul. Much did he wish that Emma had been equally sensible to his merit : she was chiefly the subject of their correspondence, for truly did he say, “ My Lord, you will excuse a fond old man, who can write of nothing but the darling of his heart. Is not this dear girl loved and admired by all who behold her ? Yet in the circle of a town life you do not see the Emma of W—— : many women may be as beautiful ; few so amiable. It is not in public life that women truly shine : well does the poet say,

“ Domestic worth that shuns too strong a light.”

Ah ! would to heaven she had not been insensible to the man, of all his sex, most formed to make her happy ; who would  
have

have done so much honour to her choice; who would have been, as it were, a reflecting-glass to all her virtues; the counterpart excellence to herself! but forgive my touching on a string that jars at your heart. While I am in this key, (though, to continue the allusion) give me leave, my friend, to say a few words on the subject of disappointment: you know my history, that I am the victim of a hopeless passion: you see me now in the decline of life, sinking into the grave without any of those comforts I might have enjoyed, had not a too stubborn melancholy deprived me of all attachment. You have a noble and illustrious family to support, and are best formed of all your sex, to shine in and exalt the domestic character of husband and father. Let me entreat you then, not to devote your life to an unhappy passion, but turn your eyes from a beloved object to the sex in general, where you will, no doubt, meet

meet with merit, which, if not equal to your own, may be worthy your regard. You will excuse this freedom from a man who has not long had to boast your friendship, but who is most sincerely interested in your happiness.

"Your obliged,

"H. HERBERT."

Thus Herbert wrote, and thus the worthy Ormond answered:

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## C H A P. XIX.

### THE DRAWING ROOM.

"I AM this moment returned from the drawing room, which your Emma graced for the first time, and was presented to her

her Majesty. Nothing could be more beautiful! her fine figure, her expressive eyes, the whole turn of her countenance, every cold heart allowed her lovely; what then did not I feel! It was a crowded drawing room. She excited the general surprize! the general admiration! even envy allowed her charming! The beauties of the court sighed! The men all felt her power! She, as usual, was simply elegant: not a single trifle was wanting, nor could a trifle be spared, all was so well chosen: even the Lady Critics allowed her an excellent taste! I can give you no idea of the delight that sparkled in the fond eye of Lady Watson, nor the timidity that blushed in the glowing cheek of the divine Emma! It was my peculiar good fortune to attend her Majesty this day, who, with her usual affability, enquired after her young visitor. I saw she was charmed with her, and attended to every parti-



particular I had to relate: but I am mistaken if her discerning eye discovered not more than I wished. Lady Watson is much esteemed at court, and the Queen spoke highly to her of her young friend. No parent was ever more gratified! Miss Campbell was too much confused, by the universal stare, for any ease, and desired to retire soon, which, to all our concern, Lady W—— immediately complied with.

“The Saturday after she was at the opera; I was still in waiting, and beheld her in Lord Watson's box. I have free access to his house, and therefore often enjoy the company of your Emma (for yours she certainly is more than her father's). At my first visit she wore a little air of constraint, but she soon recovered her native ease and vivacity. I am not selfish enough to wish an abatement of  
the

the latter, though I cannot partake it: her happiness will be ever dear to me!

“Why, my Reverend friend, do you apologize for an instance of the kind interest you honour me with? Your advice will ever have great weight with me; but at present it is a subject I dare not touch on, though my heart has tried the cause, and condemns me: some future time I will, if possible, acquit myself worthy your friendship: allow me only a few years. I am a young man; I see my error: and when once Miss Campbell is married, I will try to correct it. You, no doubt, hear frequently from her, or I would engage to write to you of her looks, her health, &c. &c. for I know it is a subject dear to affection!

“Believe me, my good friend, your

“ORMOND.”

CHAP.

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C H A P. XX.

## A MODERN LOVER.

MR. WATSON'S pride was gratified that Emma was universally approved. Though her fortune was his principal inducement, he should like to have it said, he possessed the most beautiful and elegant woman of the court. Specious in his conduct, he was generally believed, what the world calls a very sober young man; and his father had no idea he had any propensity to gaming, though he was at this time oppressed with debts, which nothing but the prospect of his marriage could much longer keep from his knowledge. He was ever pleading to his mother his violent passion for

Emma, and wore, when with them, so pensive a look, the fond parents were alarmed for his health. Emma would sometimes attempt, gaily, to rally his passion; but he was always serious. Lady Louisa called her the fair Insensible! She very sincerely wished her well, but she wished her married: Lord Ormond might then, perhaps, think of some other woman. He had, already, since the report (which Charles was anxious to propagate) abated of that marked attention, which, while it pained, flattered our heroine. He thought it a connection naturally to be expected; and hoped Mr. Watson's youthful failings would be soon corrected when united to so much merit. Emma, however, insisted on some delay; and when obliged to think seriously, wished for her Mentor. She wrote for his advice, and the two letters will make the following chapter.

CHAP.



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## C H A P. XXI.

### A CONSULTATION.

“ I Want you more than ever, my good friend; I long for your society, to read, to know your sentiments. Lady Watson has informed you, that Charles does me the honor of offering his heart to my acceptance. She is warmly his friend. You know her influence: yet I know not how to comply with her wishes. Am I not unfortunate? The two dearest friends I have in the world I disappoint in this important article; for though you never told me so, I saw your wishes for the amiable Ormond. Let me hear from you, I entreat, as early as possible. Tell me all I should be, and I will try to profit by your excellent advice.

“ Your much obliged,

“ E M M A.”

F 2

“ FOLLOW

“ FOLLOW nature, my Emma; follow the impulse of thy gentle heart, and all will be well. But why are you so grave? why, my young friend, this unaccountable uneasiness? You need not fear any force on your inclinations: you shall not be compelled—compelled by the most cruel means: the entreaties of those you love. Lady Watson will cease all importunity that is troublesome to you: but already your mother at her heart, she naturally wishes to be related to you. Mr. Watson’s character has hitherto bore enquiry: the world says he is accomplished, handsome, and elegant. His private character a good son, brother, and friend. His mother, beholding him in this light, is allowably his advocate; and can we wonder at it? You must forgive me: I cannot advise; indeed, I cannot. My prayers are ever yours, and my best wishes will follow you in all situations.

“ Your sincere friend,

“ MENTOR.”

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C H A P. XXII.

## HOPE ALL THINGS.

AND, what am I to think of this letter? said the gentle Emma. He certainly approves of Mr. Watson, and I shall be blamed for caprice. I like his family, but, alas! I fear I feel a partiality for another part of it. The subject, she settled, should be deferred for the present, and better prospects might open. About this time Edwin wrote to entreat his father's leave, to join a party, going to the continent for a few months: it was easily granted, and he went without again visiting town. Our heroine was a little disconcerted. It might, however, be for the best, and her kindest wishes

followed him. It was the middle of June; the parliament was dissolved, and every one was flying out of town. Lady Watson returned, with Miss Campbell, to Scotland: her father received her with his usual indifference; but Mentor was all rapture, and she thought she was again happy! Many were the hearts that rejoiced in the return of their fair patroness; and W—— was again a happy village.

Lady Watson left her in a few days: she returned to her usual course of life—music, reading, and her pen; the last, indeed, Mr. Watson obliged her, more frequently than she wished, to employ in his service. He wrote elegantly, and was ever addressing her: he had every claim to her friendship and politeness. She could not let the letters of her friend's son remain unanswered. Most of his sex would have been still more captivated!



He regarded the elegance of the pen as the mere effect of education, not the refinement of the heart, and only pursued, what he called, his fortune. Among other intelligence, in a sprightly letter, he mentioned a fair Italian, whom the happy Edwin had captivated! and that he had reason to suppose, from his hints, he should soon be related to!

No female rage took possession of the heart of Emma! she felt her cheek glow, but it was not the glow of indignation; a kind of conscious blush suffused her face, at the conviction of the present feeling, that she loved! A modest heart will hardly acknowledge to itself that it knows even a preference. She had nothing to accuse Edwin of: once he hinted at a tender passion; but do not all the sex speak it without feeling? A wedding!—She answered Charles in a lively strain; and advised he should see

how matrimony became his brother, before he ventured on it himself. It was still, however, the constant subject of Lady Watson's pen: and, after a four months absence, the party met again at W——. My Lord was impatient; his Lady tenderly entreated; Mentor silently wished, but his eyes spoke the truth; Lady Louisa, who had been some time on a visit, advised in favour of Mr. Watson. It was vain to entreat a longer time. Sir William insisted it should be finished one way or other; he was indifferent which.

Poor Emma, after a severe struggle, agreed on November. Each day that closed, she sighed! Its approach was painful! The 18th was appointed. Mr. Herbert performed the service, by a special licence, in the evening. Our heroine fainted before the conclusion! she revived, and recollected herself sufficiently

ficiently to pass the evening tolerably. The family party were all gay; even Sir William was in good humour! Mentor had been solemn in the service, but he was cheerfully tender the rest of the evening. After a few days past in Scotland, our party agreed to spend a month at Bath, and then pass a cheerful Christmas at Lord Watson's seat in Kent.

The month at Bath was very uninteresting to Mrs. Watson: she was fatigued with public, and tired of admiration! Mr. Watson was flattered, and enjoyed the place. He knew he had nothing to fear from such a wife, and was delighted to see her the reigning beauty, where so much beauty prevailed! This season was graced with the bright star of England, who, while he admired the charms of Emma's person, did justice to her polished mind and amiable manners: even

even envy never dared utter a syllable to the disadvantage of either, though frequently together. She danced uncommonly well; and it exceeded all ideas of beauty and grace, when she was honoured with the fine hand of his Royal Highness.

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## C H A P. XXIII.

## A MISFORTUNE.

C H R I S T M A S was approaching, and the party went to Oak Park. Here, for two days, was they joined by the worthy Ormond. Lady Louisa was happy, but Mrs. Watson rejoiced in his departure, for his pensive pale looks gave her great uneasiness. It was a cheerful season: but, alas, what happiness is permanent! After a large merry party, at dinner,  
Lord



Lord Watson suddenly fell from his chair, in a fit, and expired immediately! The shock, to every one, was severe! The several distresses I attempt not to paint, all feeling minds will conceive them! The indifferent reader would not pass it over hastily: suffice it, our heroine felt as for a valued parent! and her greatest consolation was, to afford comfort to the unhappy widow. After the funeral, the Dowager retired to a small seat in Surry, where she proposed ending her days, and the young people went into the house in St. James's Square. The late Lord had lived expensively, and the family found the estate much encumbered, and but a small jointure for the widow. The young Lord, however, had received fifty thousand pounds with his Lady, and if prudent might have done well; but gaming again, in a few months, engrossed all his attention, and his lovely wife was wholly neglected. The admiration she universally

fally met with, was in her old fashioned opinion of little consequence, when the tender attentions of a husband were wanting. What Modern of quality would have so Gothic an idea? What Modern but would prefer general to particular notice? The whole sex their slaves, rather than that horrid animal, a husband!

Emma attempted to be gay; she even entered, with spirit, into the pleasures of the town, well aware that a gay young man would soon tire of a pensive and prudent wife. She gave brilliant parties, elegant balls, and fine dinners, in hopes, that making his house agreeable, her Lord would be more with her. Play she soon found was his foible. Gaming is but too much the vice of the age: every one in a polite circle plays high. She always made a high table for Lord Watson, thinking it, at all events, better to play at home than at Brooks's.

CHAP.

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C H A P. XXIV.

## THE MEETING.

THE death of the old Lord brought Mr. Edwin Watson to England: he wished to pay his duty to a mother he tenderly loved, to receive his fortune, and then go abroad again for some years. He had heard of the marriage of Emma with infinite concern, and he wished not again to behold the fair one so fatal to his peace. He therefore only designed staying a few days in Surry, with his mother, and to make some plausible apology for not visiting St. James's Square.

The Dowager Lady Watson's health had received a shock time had not yet healed.

healed. Six months were past since the fatal event. She wrote to her beloved Emma, to entreat her to come to her for a few days; not yet expecting Edwin, who had been some time indisposed. The young Lady Watson flew to the grove immediately: she had entreated her Lord to accompany her, but could not prevail. It was evening when she arrived; and as she entered the drawing room, she beheld Edwin, pale and emaciated, seated on the sofa by his mother. They arose in time to support the fainting Emma, who was too much surprized and alarmed for her strength! She had wished never again to behold him; and to see him thus, by surprize, was beyond her fortitude! Edwin tenderly pressed her hand; he flew for drops; he was all anxious impatience! She revived after a short time, and sweetly smiling, apologized for the trouble she had occasioned, attributing her sudden illness to her journey,



journey, or rather a ride of twenty miles. This apology, however, past, as probable, to her mother; as she was fearful her situation, which was pretty evident, might occasion it: but Edwin hoped, and then again feared, the cause. To be loved by her was rapture! and yet, how horrid! the wife of another! and that other, his father's son! the woman, who was almost the parent of that brother's child!

Lady Watson was soon herself again. A little recollection restored her. She was the wife of another, and blushed at what she thought a guilty weakness! The Dowager did not suspect the young people; and after a somewhat embarrassed evening, they retired early to their apartments. Emma reclined on her sleepless pillow; wept, and blamed herself alternately! Why had not Edwin professed himself her admirer? Why did she marry so hastily? Then again;  
it

it was a folly to think of it : it was more, it was even guilty ! She would leave the grove as soon as possible : if she could not conquer she would fly : while there, she would never be alone with him. He should not talk. She would not think of their weak passion. Then again ; her tenderness was alarmed for his health ; unhappy Edwin !

The night past wretchedly ! She rose pale and unwell in the morning. Every one was concerned. She made it an apology for returning to town ; and when Edwin handed her to her chaise, she suppressed a sigh, as she cast a last look, and wished a restoration to his health with so soft and sweet a voice, that it soothed the agony of parting ! The tears started as she drove from the door, which she concealed, as much as possible, from her servant, and met Lord Watson, in the evening, with a chearful countenance.

CHAP.

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C H A P. XXV.

## THE PARTY.

LADY WATSON was unwell, for a few days, after her return to town: she expected to be confined in a short time, and my Lord wished her to give another party, as it was near the end of May; and before she was up again, all the world would be gone out of town. The trouble was not considered, and she complied with her usual grace. Lady Louisa dined with her, and saved her as much of it as possible; but she was half sinking with fatigue towards the close of the evening; when going up to Lord Watson's table, who was playing high, he spoke so harshly to her, calling her his evil genius, that even his own set

blamed him for his inhumanity. She smiled and blamed the cards, attributing the unkindness to them, willing to acquit him; but left the table.

The gentle Ormond had witnessed the scene with infinite pain: he approached her, spoke tenderly of her health, and entreated her to be careful of it. She was almost overcome; and turning to Lady Louisa, begged her to do the honours of the house, for she must retire. All the gentle felt for her: the severe blamed her: the ill-natured began to talk scandal of Lord Ormond: even the good Lady Louisa was pained to see his concern! About two o'clock my Lord, deserted by the party, and out of humour with his losses, enquired for Emma. Wilton informed him she was unwell; and he retired, little affected by her illness!

The



The next day was passed at Brooks's to try to retrieve his losses. Three days passed without his once returning to enquire after his Lady! It was his first long absence, and she was all anxiety! yet when he returned, the fourth evening, this incomparable woman, with her accustomed gentleness, did not even complain of his unkindness! She met him with such a look, and gave her hand so sweetly, all language would have been inexpressive to it!—But the gamester's heart is cold to all the finer feelings: he enquired slightly of her health; blamed her for sitting at home, though it was not possible she could go out; and humming an air, bowed: he was sleepy, and must retire! She could not but feel such a meeting, and lament her fate! It was to herself alone this feeling was acknowledged: and even Wilton was not allowed to say a word, however just, against her Master!

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C H A P. XXVI.

## A LITTLE STRANGER.

LORD WATSON was never at home : his Lady had no companion but Lady Louisa : her mother, indeed, had offered to come to her, but she was still indisposed ; and Edwin had not yet left her, being in a bad state of health. She amassed a kind of melancholy that she found growing on her, as much as possible : but in a few days after, when she found herself a mother, her spirits seemed to revive. My Lord heard of the event with his usual indifference, and paid her a visit of cold civility, which Emma was willing to attribute to a degree of disappointment at its being a daughter, though he had never expressed any wish of an heir ;  
indeed,

indeed, he regarded a family as a plague, for he cared little for posterity, and should leave it to provide for itself.

Lady Watson felt all the mother, as she gazed on her sweet babe : she wished, and tried to love its father : she was even more anxious than ever to attach him to her ; but a sick room was insupportable, and she beheld him but seldom ! Three weeks had not passed since her confinement, when, one evening, after she was gone to rest, he rushed into her apartment, in an agony that alarmed her ! She enquired the cause—after some hesitation, he told her he was a ruined man, if she would not assist him : that he had lost eight thousand pounds that evening, and knew not where to raise the money ! Lady Watson saw but too clearly the design.—Her settlement was large ; she knew it was imprudent to resign any part of it ; but what could she

do? She would apply to her father?—  
“No: he would not suffer it.” He  
raved with anger, “Could she expose her  
husband!” Weak, and alarmed, she of-  
fered to accommodate him! but she  
begged him to remember their infant;  
to be more prudent. He promised,  
without designing to regard it, and left  
her to expect, not only ill-treatment, but  
poverty!

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## C H A P. XXVII.

### A VISITOR.

**M**ENTOR had long sighed to visit  
his pupil, and now her infant was an ad-  
ditional inducement. The joy of meet-  
ing was hardly past, when the altered  
looks of Emma, and different behaviour  
of



of Lord Watson, alarmed him! They happened, very uncommonly, to be at home, and alone! Emma, willing to efface the care she read in Mentor's countenance, presented her child. He looked tenderly at it:—"such was thy mother, sweet infant!" he exclaimed; "such I first beheld her!" The good old man was affected! His sweet pupil attempted to be gay: she talked of a journey to Scotland, to introduce her little one to her father. She applied to her Lord, if he would not take her? He hated Scotland; he would never visit it again. They all felt it!—My Lord had an engagement, and they were left alone. Mentor looked sad: he dared ask no questions, and Emma would not complain. A few days past, and he was resolved not to leave London, without enquiring. She, however, only told him, she hoped Lord Watson would see his error, and all might yet be

well. That complaints, nor remonstrances of friends, was of any service! She would do her duty, and trust her fate to Providence!

He left town in high admiration of her conduct, but in the greatest concern for her happiness. When he reported his apprehensions at W——, Sir William remarked, “This it is to marry a Watson!—Why did she reject the worthy Ormond?”

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## C H A P. XXVIII.

### THE PARTING.

THE Dowager Lady Watson arrived in town: with rapture she embraced her grand-child, the child of her Emma! but

but she was come for a short time only, and brought affecting intelligence. Mr. Edwin Watson's health was in so bad a state, she had resolved to accompany him abroad. She left him at the Grove while she made some preparations for her journey; and my Lord was prevailed on to go to take his leave of him. Emma apologized on account of her infant; happy in so good an excuse!

The parting with Lady Watson was a severe trial to our heroine. She alone had some little influence over my Lord; and she was the dearest object of her affections. Many tears did this parting cost her; and still, again and again, she prest her hand, and begged her not to leave her. My Lord was half displeased, and blamed her weakness. His mother turned to him—"By the memory of your father, my Lord; by all the affection I have ever shewn you, I charge  
you

you to be tender of the peace of your lovely wife, my darling child : supply to her what she loses in me : be a parent to your infant. Perhaps I may never see you more : remember what your father was ; do not disgrace his name." She took Emma's hand ; she put it in Lord Watson's. He kissed her cheek with unusual warmth ! he was affected, and parted tenderly from his mother ! He returned to Emma, and sat with her some hours ! he talked of his affairs ! She proposed reducing their expences. He admired her prudence ! he would leave off play ! he would try to deserve such worth !

CHAP.



## C H A P. XXIX.

## EFFECT OF SYMPATHY.

THE next morning, at breakfast, she proposed a *tetê-a-tetê* party to the theatre: she knew not the play; but to divert reflection, they agreed to go, and a box was procured. He was half ashamed to be seen in so domestic a party, but could not refuse. The play was the *Gamesters*! the actors performed very well; and the heroine was even beyond herself! Nothing could be more affecting! Lord Watson felt it all! His Lady did not dare look at him: she heard him sigh! and once he whispered her not to be so much affected! The last act was almost too much! When Beverly had drank  
the

the poison, and attempts to pray, Lord Watson, and another known gamester, called out, No prayers! No praying! The house was surprized! the whisper went round. "They are gamesters!" was said aloud: every one looked at the box. The beauteous weeping Emma hid her face: she was almost overcome. Mrs. Beverly, all that was great! all that was engaging! entered: What a scene! what a lesson to the world! The play ended: they went home *en famille*. Lady Watson would not talk of it; she only said, how great was the effect! "Did you not really know the play," said my Lord?—"No, on my honor," replied Emma.

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C H A P. XXX.

## A COMMON SCENE.

THE Watsons went out of town in July, and the summer past tolerably agreeable. My Lord was more attentive, and Emma wrote in spirits to her friends in the South of France. Her intelligence from thence was still unpleasant, for Mr. Edwin Watson was supposed to be in a hasty decline: his poor mother very wretched!

In the autumn they went to Bath, much against the inclinations of Lady Watson; and here again play allured her Lord. They left it in haste! After Christmas the old party met, and ruin was the consequence! Her settlement was asked to be given up! She was  
unwilling,

unwilling, well aware it would be soon gone: but entreaty, threats, even ill-usage, was tried; and she was forced to comply! She wrote immediately to Sir William: he was highly exasperated, and assured her she must expect nothing from him after such a weakness!

Mentor wrote to console her. Advised her to try to reclaim her husband: to be prudent, retire from the world, and the estate would clear itself in time. She talked of it to him:—he promised, and forgot directly! She discharged some of the servants, and wished to leave town. He pretended to comply, and promised to follow her if she would go to the Grove: advised her leaving her jewels; and deceived her so completely, that she concluded he had seen his errors. With Wilton only, and her child's maid, in a chaise and pair, she left town, with one man-servant; and the rest, with  
I horses



horses and carriages, were to be parted with. She felt little at all this sacrifice! for vanity she had none; and her Lord was all tenderness! He promised to follow in a few days; but he appeared as much affected at parting as if it was for months! The change might affect him! She greatly pitied him! She would be more attentive than ever! She put her jewels, of great value, into his hands! some of them had been her mother's; the rest belonged to the Watson's family. She mentioned how highly she valued them: they were above all price to her! They had belonged to her two dearest friends! they were to her invaluable! He looked at them; remarked she had taken the miniatures, and desired her likewise to take the locket with her mother's hair! It was superbly set! Would it not, she said, be safer in town? "There was no danger; she had better have it with her." She complied. He pressed her cheek tenderly;

tenderly ; he put her in the carriage ; he embraced his child, and they parted in tears ! He watched her as long as possible ; and when he returned to the house he felt remorse at his plan ! He had resolved to sell her jewels, to hazard another stake ! if successful, ever after to fly the dice and try to deserve her merit : but if otherwise, he was debating, when his evil genius, in the form of Sir C—— L——, entered ! He saw the jewels in his hand ; admired his invention ; and soon undid all the parting had before effected. His estate, he well knew, was too deeply mortgaged for him ever again to rise in the world, except by chance ; and what good would these baubles do his wife at W——, where he thought of retiring ? It was soon finished, and, accompanied by his abandoned friend, he set out to part with them ! The money was no sooner procured, but they repaired to a noted gaming

gaming house, where, in two evenings, the large sum was lost; horses and carriages followed! The gamester never stops: even the miniature picture of his wife was parted with for a trifle; and that trifle only given because the painting was good, and the face certainly beautiful. The third evening, when he returned home, and reflections crowded upon him, he felt all the horrors of his situation! his wife! his child! At one moment he thought of his pistols! the next, he rejected the horrid idea! He would leave his country! Sir William would take back his wife. He could not live here; and he was not yet so lost, as to determine on ending his own existence! He would write to his wife, and then he would proceed to Dover. His hand trembled! he reflected on all his conduct; how he had abused this excellent woman! and, after an hour's deliberation, he sent the following lines:

“Return to town, I entreat you, as soon as possible! Return to learn all your wretchedness! to execrate my being! to detest the guilty and unhappy

“WATSON!”

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## C H A P. XXXI.

### FASHIONABLE SORROWS.

EMMA had been uneasy the last two days, that her Lord was not yet arrived, when the above was put into her hands! She was surprized and much alarmed at these horrid lines! Her carriage was immediately ordered, and with post-horses she was soon in town. When she arrived the house was all confusion! she enquired hastily for her Lord. He had left town the day before, in a chaise, without attendants, and they knew nothing



thing of him ! Bailiffs, she found, were in the house ! She knew not how to proceed ! Lady Louisa Neville was fortunately in town ! She went for her, and requested her brother, the Marquis, would accompany her. She found the carriages and horses were disposed of, and her jewels gone ! She wept : “ those jewels I so greatly valued ; unkind Watson ! ” She enquired every particular of his servant. He knew nothing, but that my Lord left the house soon after her Ladyship, on the Monday, with Sir C—— L—— ; that he did not return home till the Thursday evening : that he then appeared much disordered, and would take no refreshment. About nine he sent for a chaise, and gave a letter to him, to put in the Post-office for her ; that he walked hastily over each apartment ; stopped in the library and gazed on her whole-length picture for a considerable time, and then flung

himself into the chaise: that the next morning the bailiffs entered, and they knew not how to proceed: that Smith had gone to Lord Ormond's, but he was out of town, and not expected for some weeks; upon which they sent to her Ladyship, but was greatly concerned to alarm her.

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## C H A P. XXXII.

### ADDITIONAL WOES.

THE Marquis and Lady Louisa arrived, to give all the consolation in the power of friendship: they advised her sending for Sir C—— L——; he came, and informed her, Lord Watfon had been unsuccessful at play; and, he supposed, found it necessary to go to the Continent for a short time; that things would

would come round again : but if her Ladyship wished to retrench, he was ready to take the house in St. James's Square ; and as the furniture was all modern and elegant, he would take it as it was, if she approved it ! The party were all shocked at this unfeeling gamester ! Lady Watson, with inimitable composure, said, she should consult her friends ; of which number, she did not reckon the man who was enriched by her distress ! He laughed at her gravity, while yet so young and lovely ; and left her, after a thousand impertinent compliments. Lady Louisa staid the day with her ; and, in the evening, she wrote to her father, and Lady Watson ; to the former by express, supposing his affection, however cold, would awake at her misfortunes : she resolved, therefore, to stay for his opinion, before she proceeded to settle her affairs, not doubting her Mentor, at least, would come to her.

The very next evening letters arrived from Italy, and she received them with all that pleasure the unfortunate feel, when sorrow presses hard upon them, and the tender effusions of affection arrive to gladden the sad breast !

In the hurry of opening the letters, she had not observed the writing was new to her ; but when she read a short letter only from her mother's woman, to acquaint her, her beloved mistress was no more, the colour fled from her cheek, and she sunk backwards in her chair ! Lady Louisa was terrified ! she read the letter, and was almost equally affected ! Lady Watson revived to feel all the severity of her fate ; yet not a complaint passed her lips ! My more than mother, said she, is happy ! she is taken away from much misery, for she loved my Lord : and ah, what would she not have suffered for her Emma !

Lady



Lady Louisa was all attention: indeed Lady Watson greatly wanted it; for, to add to the melancholy of her situation, a few months promised an addition to her family. This was another call on her fortitude: she was anxious to preserve the existence of her infant, and she tried to be resigned. The Marquis and Lady Louisa seldom left her; they were every thing to her: they had sent for her little girl: they tried to divert her melancholy! She was grateful; she felt the intention! But a letter from Scotland was anxiously expected, and employed her every thought.

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C H A P. XXXIII.

## MODERN FEELINGS.

THE story of her misfortunes was soon known to the whole town. Sir C—— L—— was the happy man that knew the most of it; and the Ladies all flocked to him for particulars. At the birth-day she was missed, and many a Belle rejoiced at it. Lady Louisa, likewise, absent! Two such beauties made well for those of inferior merit. And so the great heiress, at last, is come down, said envy, with all her fortune and Scotch pride! She may return to her Highlands, and a good riddance for us. Where is the lovely and all-accomplished Lady Watson, said her Grace? At present

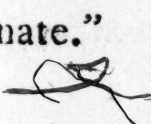
present in a little distress, replied Sir C—— L——. I am really concerned! What, the death of the Dowager? Oh, no, my Lord is gone off with the fair Emily D——, who shines in my Lady's jewels. "Her jewels!" said Mrs. ——, from the East? Jewels, indeed, nearly equal to mine! I never could bear to see her in them: and she never wanted them, replied an elegant young man, for who ever looked at them on her. They may adorn common women, but Lady Watson far out-shone them. No doubt his ———— will offer her a settlement: only observe how grave he looks, that she is not here; and see, he is in close conference with the Marquis.

"Where is the charming Lady Watson?" said the ————. Some mentioned the death of her mother; some my Lord's absence: then she had been very blameable. How extravagant! how dissipated!

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their

their house, indeed, beyond all that was elegant! their carriages, how superb! and her jewels, again! "Well," said Lady —, "I'll teaze my Lord to take their house, if they are quite done up; it may go cheap." But, alas! this provoking fair must rise again, when Sir William dies: she must have five thousand a year. Some dear friends resolved to call on her to plague her with kind condolence: some of the Gentlemen had farther views, and already anticipated the delight of possessing so charming a woman! but when they called, how provoking; she would see none of her friends, but the Neville's. Scandal directly took the hint:—the Marquis was a happy fellow! Some gave credit to the report; the few worthy disbelieved it; the kind-hearted felt for her, and supported her as much as ever. "She is," said they, "all that is good and lovely; but unfortunate."

CHAP.



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C H A P. XXXIV.

## FRIENDSHIP.

LORD ORMOND arrived in town, for the birth-day; and here he first learnt the situation of his friends in St. James's Square. His concern need not be mentioned! Before he dined, however, he flew to the Marquis, to enquire the truth of a tale that he trusted was much exaggerated by envy. It was, alas, but too true! and he requested Lady Louisa to make his best offers, not of civility but friendship, to the amiable sufferer: if he could be serviceable, he should be the happiest of his sex; but he did not dare intrude on her sorrows. Lady Louisa received and delivered her message, with her usual kindness and generosity;

rosity; wished her friend could accept, with honor, the attentions of the most amiable of men. Self was now quite out of the question; she felt only for Lady Watson, and waited, with anxiety a letter from the North.

Mr. Herbert, as tenderly as possible, informed his pupil, that Sir William was much displeased at her imprudence, but would take no concern in her affairs; that she must learn to œconomise, and take the fate she herself had chosen. "Be not, however," said he, "my amiable Emma, too much depressed, all may yet be well, I trust. If you do not go, as I would advise, and you, I have no doubt, wish, to your mother in France, come to us, my love; surely your father will receive you—try at least."

"Would I had a mother to fly to," sighed Lady Watson, and again took up  
her

her pen, to inform Sir William of her additional misfortune. She entreated he would again receive her, till she heard from her Lord, and knew where to follow him, which she should consider as her duty; that she should immediately throw herself at his feet: but that she expected shortly to give life to another unfortunate infant, and after that event would return to Scotland.

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## C H A P. XXXV.

### AFFECTING INTERVIEW.

LADY LOUISA continued all that was kind; and Lady Watson was persuaded to make her house her home, as the Marquis was going abroad for some months; and many a charge and entreaty did he receive from Emma to find  
out

out her Lord, and awake him to reason. Here Lord Ormond, in bidding his adieu to the Marquis, again beheld her; and if less beautiful, perhaps never more interesting: forsaken by her husband; reduced from splendour to almost want; mourning the loss of the kindest of mothers: and though under the pressure of accumulated misfortune, yet tranquil and gentle as ever. She was caressing her little Julia, and smiling with all a mother's fondness, on the sweet child, when Lord Ormond was announced:—she blushed, and the tear stood trembling in her eye. He was embarrassed; and taking the child in his arms, pressed its cheek with rapture!

Lady Louisa broke the painful silence; and Lord Ormond, for the first time, thought her more than human! The sensibility she discovered for her friend caught his attention; and he gave Julia  
to



to her care with a look of high admiration! Mr. Herbert was mentioned as usual; and Scotland was talked of. Lady Watson expressed her wish to return there, and informed him, she only waited her father's approbation, and one more event, which would compleat the trouble she had given her valued friend, Lady Louisa:—again a tear rose, and would not be suppressed; its sympathetic influence extended over the Iris. Lady Watson apologized for intruding her sorrows, and with infinite grace retired from the company. Lord Ormond sighed deeply; again kissed the child; and bestowing every just compliment on Lady Louisa, left the house.

Sir William Campbell, insensible as ever, heard of his daughter's misfortunes without pity, and without any thought of relief. He proposed to her, however, as something must be done, to return to  
him,

him, on a promise of never more beholding Lord Watson. As he had a particular aversion to children, he could not think of receiving two, but she might provide for them near. If she did not approve of this plan, she must not return to him on any account! The harshness of the parent was, however, softened by Mentor.

“ I would hasten to you, my sweet Emma, and give every comfort in my power, but that a cruel accident prevents me : let me beg of you, however, to hope every thing, and keep up your spirits. I do not expect to see you ; I do not even wish it, if your husband (however unworthy) is to be the sacrifice. He may yet see his errors ; and he is the father of your children ; I hope and trust Sir William will make you some allowance : you have only, in point of pecuniary affairs, to weather it a little at present,

présent, for you must know affluence again. Let me know if you want cash, I can supply you; and I know your father will shortly make all possible enquiries after your Lord; yet I need not say so, for you are always right."

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## C H A P. XXXVI.

## VILLAGE MEMOIRS.

THE active mind of our heroine, however oppressed, again exerted itself; and she called in all her affairs, parted with the little that was left, and paid all debts, as far as possible, even to debts of honour, as they are improperly termed. Some thousands were yet due; which, upon a promise from her father, in answer to her letter of refusal of his proposal, being resolved to follow her husband,

band, when found; he agreed to allow her four hundred a year; half of which, or more, as she found possible, was to go to the creditors.

Her affairs somewhat settled, her mind was rather more at ease; but unwilling to continue troublesome to Lady Louisa, she resolved to fix herself in a small abode, and that near the metropolis. A pleasant village she had frequently aired to, in her days of splendour, occurred to her memory, and she accordingly went in search of a house. This village, not more remarkable for the opulence than the pride of its inhabitants, is, however, so agreeable a distance from the metropolis (little more than four miles) that, though subject to many inconveniences, and innumerable impositions, is very populous: it was with some difficulty, therefore, our heroine was accommodated, and to the no little



ST. JAMES'S STREET.

surprize of her prating neighbours, at Mrs. Burn's assembly, or rather tea-drinking. It was remarked, that a coronet carriage had been seen in waiting at Mr. ——'s late house! One happy female had affixed the name of the owner, and pretended to know all the particulars: but Miss Careful, who is intimate with all the quality, asserted it was an Earl's coronet, and she must be mistaken. It was at last settled, that a lovely young woman of fashion had alighted from the carriage and taken the house; but as no one knew her, she was certainly of the doubtful order.

This important point settled, they proceeded to talk over their neighbours; and after some complaints of the last act of parliament concerning this place, and some commendations, the members, who occasioned it, and for whose good it was evidently intended, came on the tapis.

Talking, and silent members, and maiden speeches were buzzed about: the pride of some, the folly of others, and the penuriousness of a third was descanted last, though not least, in their imagination. The important point of the assembly was mentioned. A certain justice, with no little humour, assumed the character of one of the wise men of the place, and harangued, in his manner, upon expences, &c. &c. all to prove, that in the dearest of all dear places, they had an amusement too cheap; that a greatly beautified common was certainly spoilt; that the water of the place was injured by making one extra excellent well; and, in short, that the only head on all the shoulders of the place had done this.

The Mistress of the party, tired of the old story, lead to fashion, public places, &c. who reigned beauty of the place? and who they liked, or not? Miss Lilly

Lilly was pronounced inspired by one, and beautiful and engaging to the other. Miss Robusta was proud, and assumed too much consequence; she drest ill and was certainly not handsome. The Miss Beaders were mentioned; they were ingenious, and all that; but far from pleasant: they read, and tired their friends by it; and still more by their work: it was an absolute exhibition when one visited them. The card-tables finished, the buz was universal, and the party broke up for the night.

Lady Watson arrived in the village; and fixing her little family, and preparing for her *accouchement*, entirely occupied her attention. Lady Louisa visited her frequently, and Lord Ormond made his constant enquiries. No intelligence had yet arrived of my Lord, and Emma wished to inform Mr. Watson of the affair, as he was likewise on the con-

continent. She wrote, therefore, making the best of it; only requesting, if he found his brother, she might, at least, hear of his welfare.

The weather was fine, and she sometimes walked, accompanied by her little Julia and her servant. This woman, like most females of that class, had an insufferable share of curiosity; and often, in their solitary rambles, prated to her Mistress all the intelligence she had gained of their neighbours. This, pointing to a good house on the Common, is occupied by worthy people: that large pile of building is all raised upon bibles, one may say; but they know how to spend it: that is the Justice's, and this Lady his handsome wife: that pretty cottage with the large pond, has good people in it, I have heard; and the Ladies have no pride to poor people, though the rich say they have: that  
square



square building immured in yews, is emblematic of its owners, reserved and cold : that is a rich India Captain's, but he is a good landlord to his poor tenants, and so on, till Lady Watson's absence and inattention convinced her, this important intelligence was all wasted. It was a set of people entirely new to her, and a set she was not likely to mix with. Her want of appearance secured her from the latter : without a carriage no one, in spite of her title, would notice her ; for it is a rule, in this purse-proud place, to visit no one in such circumstances. Her elegant appearance, however, excited attention ; and some of the Sunday city Beaus swore she was charming, and walked and rode to see the fair unknown. Captain Quill wished to be acquainted with so charming a woman, and began to think Miss Lilly less lovely. The Mr. Cinnamon's gallopped about in search of her ; the

one brother stretching his inexpressive eyes; and the other, with some humour, describing his first view: he still, however, frequently recurred to his old favorite story, and touched his pretended snuff-box as usual.

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## C H A P. XXXVII.

### A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

A Young Lady of a genteel appearance and a winning countenance, caught the attention of Lady Watson; she met her frequently in her walks: she was always alone; and there was a look of active melancholy about her, that convinced her Ladyship she was unfortunate, but that her good sense surmounted her sorrows. After some enquiries at  
the

the house where she boarded and lodged, which were the more easily made, the Master being in a professional character; she resolved on seeking her acquaintance, justly thinking it might be a mutual benefit; at present society was desirable to her, and a time might come when, if it was fortune that frowned, she could relieve; if a yet greater woe, she could soothe.

A few interviews convinced Lady Watson she had some skill in physiognomy, for Miss Mortimer was not only amiable and engaging, but possessed of a fund of amusement highly pleasing to the weakened spirits of Emma. She had some cares, indeed, which she freely mentioned: she mourned the loss of parents, and the being almost destitute of friends. Fortune had not been liberal, but she had a competence; scanty enough indeed, but she would learn content:  
her

her spirits, naturally excellent, she hoped would soon revive; and she trusted her invention would help to supply her purse. "Your write then, and for the press," said Lady Watson, "are you successful?" Miss Mortimer informed her, she had not much to boast, but that she sometimes got a trifle in this way, which helped her to preserve her credit in a place where poverty would be treated with contempt.

I am received into many of these houses on a friendly footing, she continued, and know all their characters, enough to keep my secret; mostly people of trade, they value others only by their opulence, not their abilities: they would disdain me, if they knew my poverty, and therefore I take care to keep up appearances. I have an elder sister, who, though surrounded with a large young family, and not in affluence, is yet so  
friendly



friendly as to correct my works for the press, and to encourage my innocent pursuits (I trust I may call them so), for though I fear I can never mend the world, I will never do it any harm; and if, while I divert many a sad hour, I can a little benefit myself, I hope I am not blameable. Of the Printers, indeed, I have much to complain. My desire of secrecy prevents a subscription, and my poverty will not allow me to publish on my own account, I therefore am obliged to sell the copy-right at their mercy, and these people have not, I fear, much conscience in general; but I will, some time or other, tell your Ladyship some of my adventures in this way.

Lady Watson was highly pleased with this new character, and they spent many days agreeably together. Lady Louisa rejoiced in this friendship, as she could not pass so much of her time as she wished  
with

with her friend ; and Miss Mortimer had mixed in the great world, sufficiently to feel for the follies of its actors. Her father's imprudence she had mourned from infancy ; and to a lively imagination she united the most refined sensibility.

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## C H A P. XXXVIII.

## P A R I S.

LORD WATSON, upon his ill success, had flown immediately to Dover : here he past a few days in all the misery of remorse of conscience. The image of his beauteous injured Emma frequently occurred to his remembrance. At one time he would return and live only to her : but what could he do without money?

money? how forsake the enchanting town? At one moment he would write to comfort her; at another, he would forget the world, his wife, his infant!

Irresolute as ever, and a man naturally of little feeling, he left England without any fixed resolution; and a few days after, when he found himself in Paris, could not but wonder for what purpose he was there! His stock of cash was small; but in frequenting the public places he was soon noticed, and admitted to all the houses of fashion, many of whom remembered him a few years since; and though now not in his past situation of magnificence, he was handsome and elegant. He was soon offered the protection of a lovely Marchioness, who sacrificed decency to pleasure; and with this woman, who had not the charms of an Emma to boast, he professed to enjoy much higher happi-

ness than he had ever known with an insipid, too virtuous, though beautiful wife.

Thus infatuated, he never more thought of Lady Watson, his infant, or his country! Seduced by gaiety and dissipation, he was lost to remorse; and while she daily mourned his neglect, he entirely forgot he had claims in England!

END OF VOL. I.





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